story and art by
Snailords

Nightmare Factory

ep: 16

The Midnight Train

EMAI, HOLD

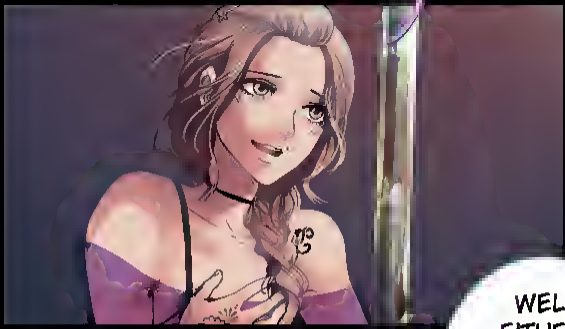
MY HAND.

I'M AFRAID.

AWW. THAT'S CUTE.

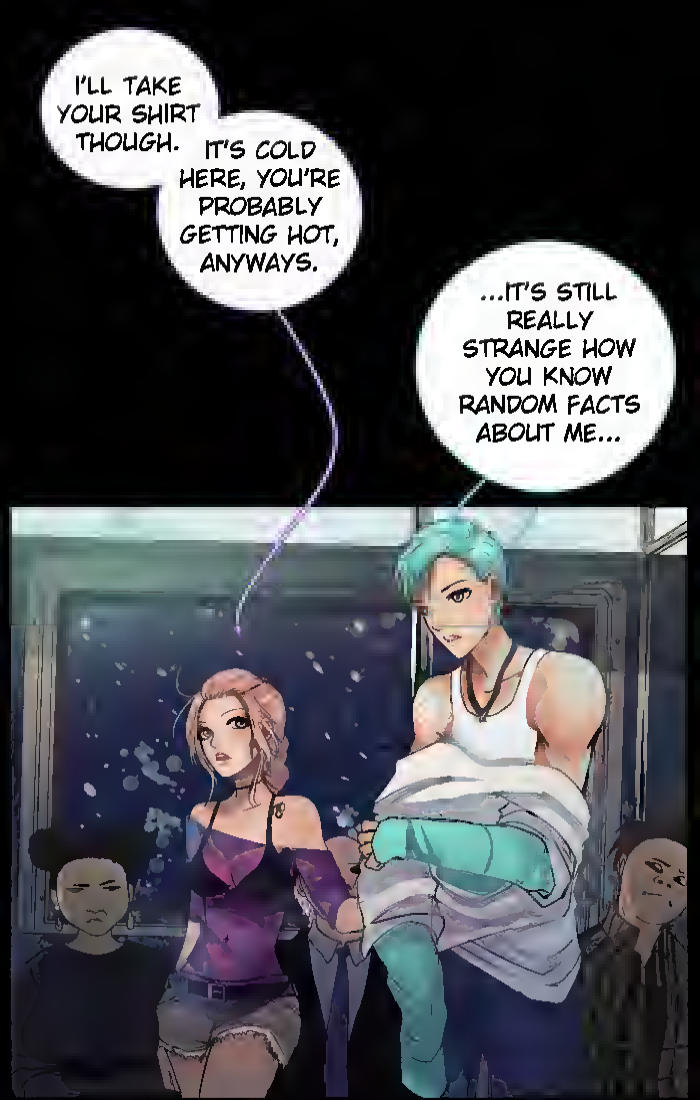
YOU LIAR. YOU DON'T EVEN LOOK WORRIED...

ARE YOU JUST SAYING THAT BECAUSE I LOOK DISTRESSED?



WELL, EITHER I STAY CALM OR THROW UP BLOOD...

SORRY, WE'RE IN NOIRFIDIA.
THEY'LL CHOP OUR HANDS OFF FOR PUBLIC DISPLAY OF AFFECTION, UNWEDDED.
OR SOME-THING...
WELL, MERDE*.
I'LL KEEP MY HANDS TO MYSELF.
MERDE=SH*ET

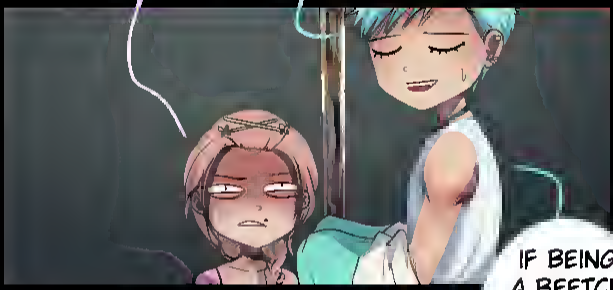

I'LL TAKE YOUR SHIRT THOUGH.
IT'S COLD HERE, YOU'RE PROBABLY GETTING HOT, ANYWAYS.
...IT'S STILL REALLY STRANGE HOW YOU KNOW RANDOM FACTS ABOUT ME...

PROVIDING PRINCESS

WITH ANY ARTICLE OF CLOTHING IS PROHIBITED.

...THIS GUY...

...DREAM WEAVER...



IF BEING A BEETCH FOR A LIVING WAS A CAREER,

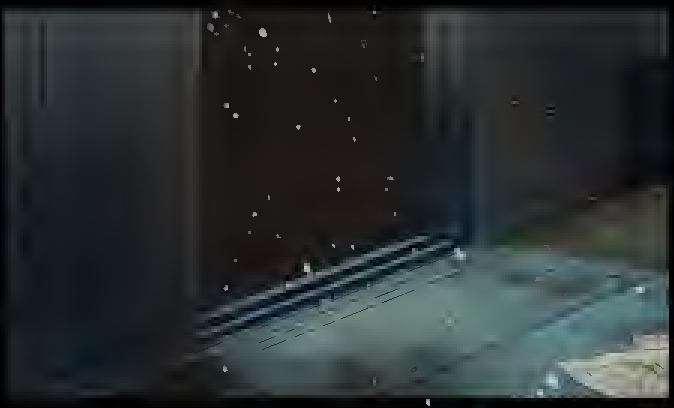
YOU'D BE A CEO OF YOUR OWN COMPANY.

YEAH. IT'S CALLED BEING THE GAME MASTER OF NIGHTMARE FACTORY.

PUT ON A SHIRT, WH*RE.

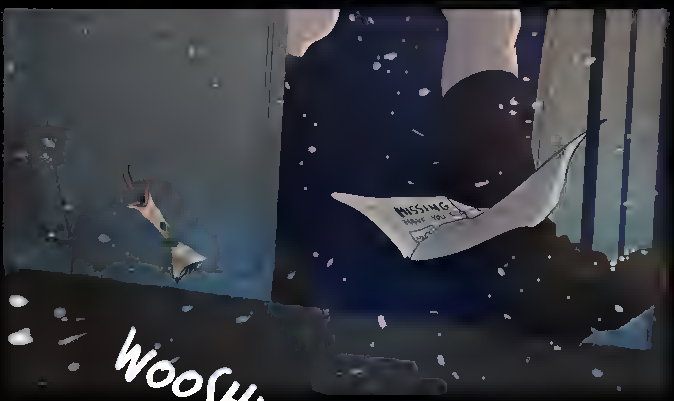
SORRY~
HAHAH

THE LAZY OLD HYDRAULIC DOORS MOAN OPEN



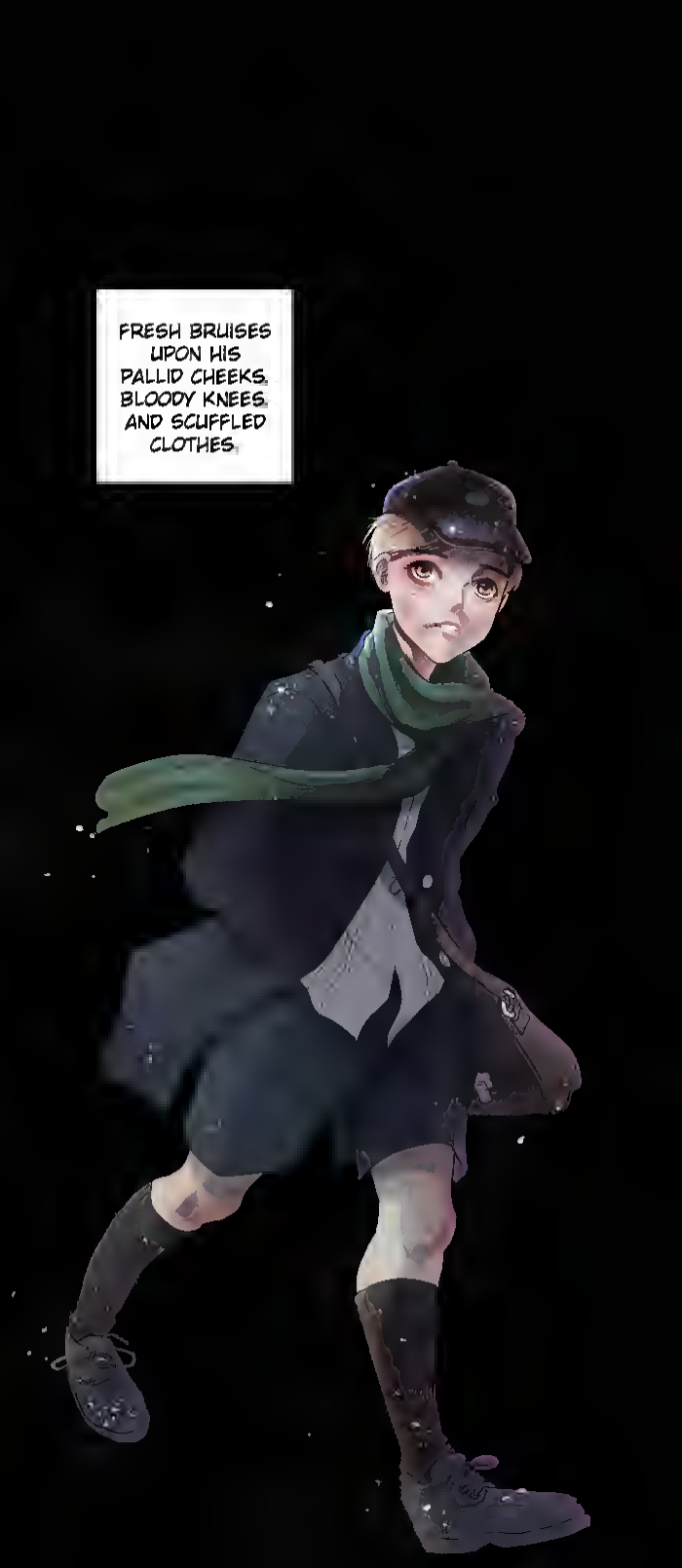
IN WALKS A YOUNG PASSENGER

ACCOMPANIED BY ANGRY HOWLING OF THE PRICKLY FRIGID WIND.



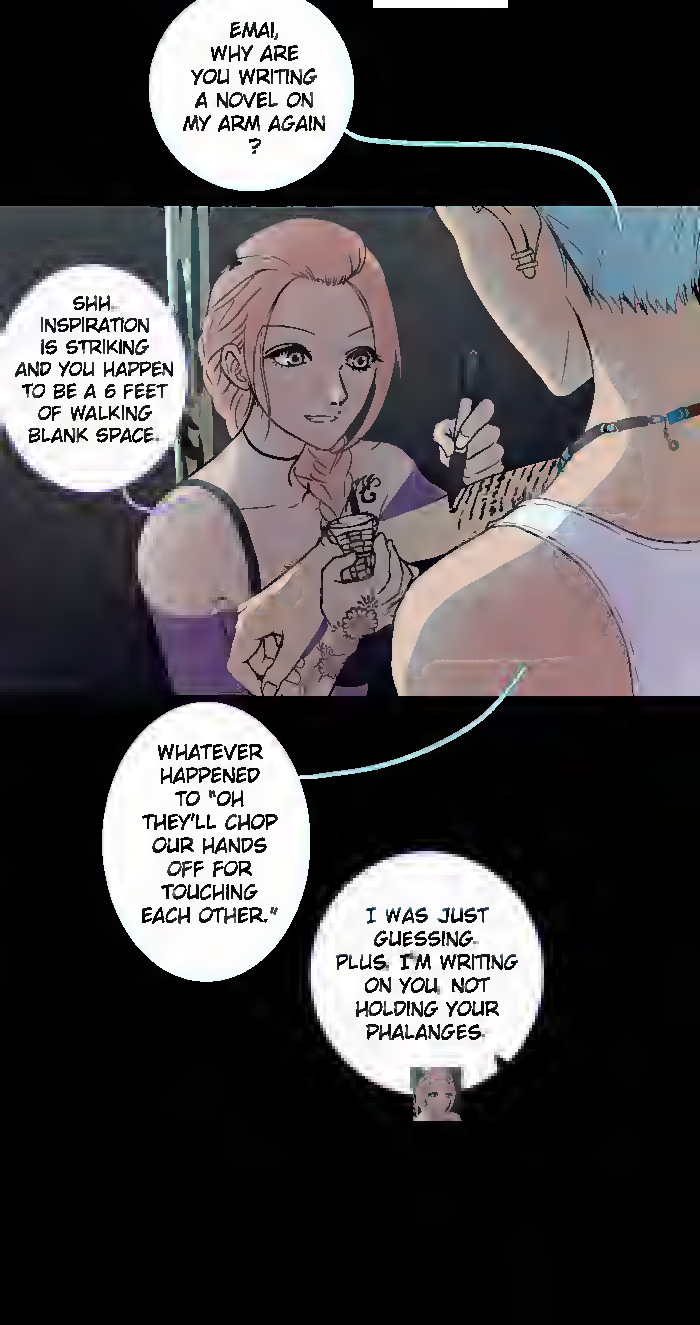
THE CROWD'S ATTENTION SHIFTS FROM US, TO THE NEWCOMER.

INQUISITIVE EYES, CHOKING SILENCE EMBRACES THE MUSTY AGED TRAIN.


FRESH BRUISES UPON HIS PALLID CHEEKS, BLOODY KNEES, AND SCUFFLED CLOTHES.

HE LOWERS HIS HAT, AVERTING GAZE FROM THE WHISPERING CROWD.

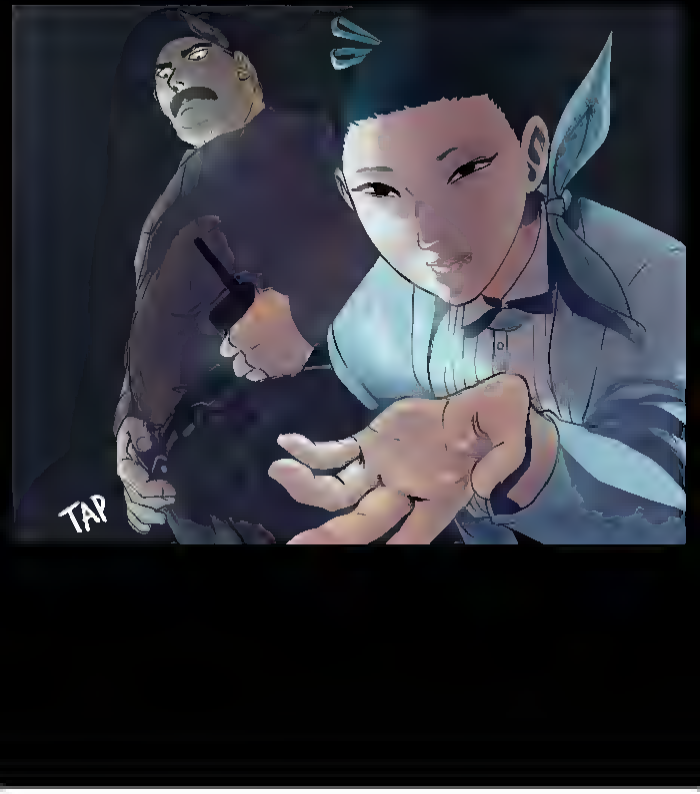
HIS FRAGILE BODY SLUMPS DOWN
INTO A SECLUDED SEAT BY THE ENTRANCE
TWP
HEAD HANGING LOW. DEJECTED BODY LANGUAGE
DEFENSIVE WOUNDS UPON HIS WRISTS—


EMAI, WHY ARE YOU WRITING A NOVEL ON MY ARM AGAIN ?
SHH. INSPIRATION IS STRIKING AND YOU HAPPEN TO BE A 6 FEET OF WALKING BLANK SPACE.
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO "OH THEY'LL CHOP OUR HANDS OFF FOR TOUCHING EACH OTHER."
I WAS JUST GUESSING. PLUS, I'M WRITING ON YOU, NOT HOLDING YOUR PHALANGES.

KLANG
KLANG
KLANG

RUSTLE

HELLO SWEETIE.
WERE YOU SEXUALLY "ASSAULTED" ?
NO. I TRIPPED OUT IN THE SNOW—
AI-47N
WELL. WE HAVE SURVEILLANCE CAMERA PROVING OTHERWISE.
YOU NEED TO COME WITH US.


TAP

Questions:

Would you rather have:
A. Good ort, slower update, shorter poge.
B. Simple ort, longer poge. Potentiolly on schedule updotes.
C.It's Nightmore Foctory, I'll reod whotever the hell you create.

Language:
A. Keep it simple.
B. Sophisticoted with definitions.
C. Sophisticoted without the definitions ot the end becouse google define is just o tob owoy.

Is there a fellow webtoon/webcomic artist reading this?
Hollo~ Tell me your nome & comic's nome(s) in the comments. Just curious if I'm stolking you too.